

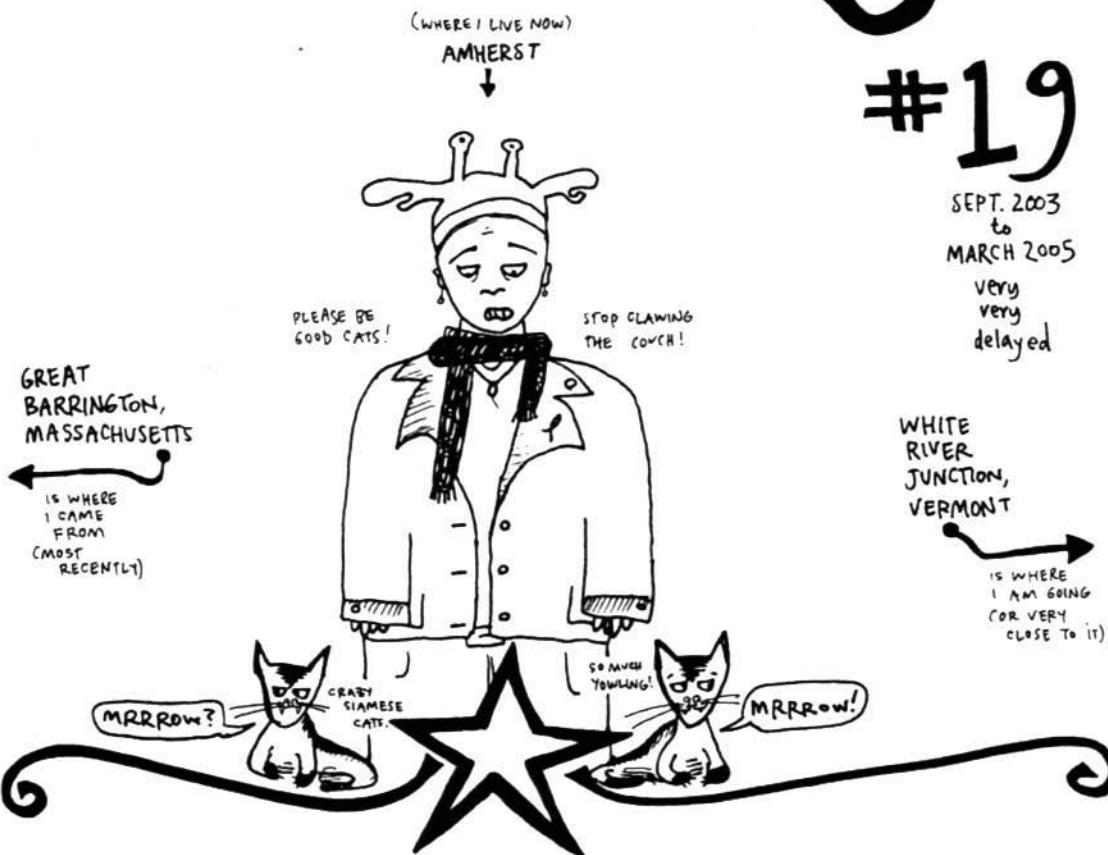
# booty



## #19

SEPT. 2003  
to  
MARCH 2005

Very  
very  
delayed



### MUSIC FOR THIS ISSUE:

RADIOHEAD HAIL TO THE THIEF (OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN...) • LOTS OF BJÖRK (but mostly MEDULLA and GREATEST HITS) • THE DITTY BOPS (Eponymous) • THE POGUES THE VERY BEST OF... • ROBYN HITCHCOCK I OFTEN DREAM OF TRAINS • PRINCE THE HITS (my guilty pleasure) • HÜSKER DÜ CANDY APPLE GREY • THE POSTAL SERVICE GIVE UP • CIBO MATTO VIVA LA WOMAN! • THE SMITHS HATFUL OF HOLLOW • PJ HARVEY IS THIS DESIRE? • JIMMY EAT WORLD FUTURES • THE DRESDEN DOLLS (Eponymous) • MINISTRY IN CASE YOU DIDN'T FEEL LIKE SHOWING UP(LIVE) • THE CURE JOIN THE DOTS ...



# b o o t y

#19

september 2003  
to  
march 2005

WELL, WELCOME, EVERYONE, TO THE TAIL END OF MY TRANSITIONAL YEAR. I MEAN THIS IN THE SENSE THAT I FIGURED I'D BE IN THE FIVE COLLEGES AREA FOR A YEAR & THEN WE'D SEE. I WANTED A YEAR KIND OF OFF FROM ACADEMIA, BUT DIDN'T WANT TO GO TOO FAR FOR REASONS THAT'LL BE OBVIOUS LATER IN THE ISSUE. AND I WANTED SOMETHING LOW-PRESSURE - I GOT ENOUGH OF THAT IN THE LAST JOB. MOSTLY I JUST NEEDED TIME AWAY FROM WHAT AND WHO I'D BECOME, AND TO GO SOMEWHERE WHERE I WASN'T A KNOWN QUANTITY. IT'S BEEN A NICE NEARLY-NINE MONTHS. I HAVE A MOST EXCELLENT FLATMATE, A KICK-ASS MANDOLIN TEACHER, A FUNKY RESEARCH ASSOCIATESHIP (AND THIS COMPLETELY RAD WRITING GROUP), A JOB I FIND ODDLY SATISFYING (IF ALSO RETAIL AND UNDERPAYING), AND MOSTLY A LOT OF QUIET. NOBODY'S KNOCKED ON MY DOOR NEEDING MY HELP OR ATTENTION FOR MONTHS, AND THIS IS A VERY GOOD THING. I AM ONLY ACCOUNTABLE FOR MY OWN WELL-BEING (and the cats. and Dharma ). I'M FINALLY FEELING RESTED AND RIGHTED, LIKE I'M BACK ON AS EVEN A KEEL AS I GET.

LOOKS MORE +  
MORE LIKE ALISON  
TECHOB'L'S STUFF!  
VERY INADVERTENT,  
HONEST-TO-GOD!

AW HELL!  
I JUST UNPACKED THE  
LAST  BOX OF  
CRAP!



HAPPY READING. BE WELL.  
ANNE.



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exceptions where noted.  
please, please ask  
before reprinting  
anything other than  
fair use. play nice.

Some trades welcome.  
please contact first.

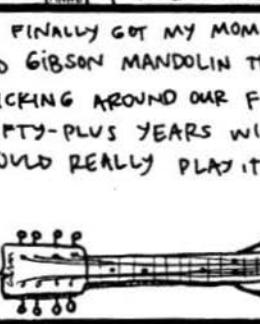
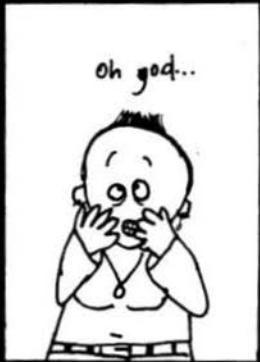
DON'T GET ATTACHED TO THIS  
ADDRESS - IT'S CHANGING COME AUGUST.

★  
ANNE THALHEIMER  
121F BRITTANY MANOR DR.  
AMHERST MA 01002

★  
motes@simons-rock.edu



16 nov 04



THERE'S ALWAYS ONE STORY THAT HOLDS UP EVERYTHING.



USUALLY BECAUSE I CAN'T FIGURE OUT A DECENT ENDING. OR I'M NOT SURE WHAT TO WRITE.

gr...

16 nov 04

oh, FUCK IT!

SO HERE GOES.  
(SORT OF...)



\* YOU UNBELIEVABLE BASTARD.



\* YOU SUCK BIG-TIME EPIC-STYLE.



\* HOW COULD YOU?!



\* WHAT THE FUCK?!



\* SO YOU TELL ME ALL THIS SHIT ABOUT LIKING MY WORK? (\*I HATE THIS.)



\* YOU CALLED ME A SUPER STAR...



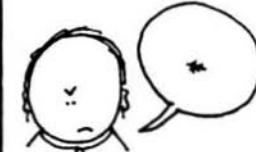
\* AND HAVEN'T SPOKEN TO ME SINCE WHICH, BY THE WAY, SORTA SUCKS.



\* I AM SORRY FOR SAYING STUFF WHICH FREAKED YOU OUT. I AM.



\* BUT, UM, I'M KIND OF PISSED OFF NOW.



\* BECAUSE I MISTAKENLY THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS.



\* AND I'D HOPED TO BE TREATED A LITTLE BETTER...

...NOT BECAUSE OF ANY FAMILIARITY BETWEEN US, BUT BECAUSE IT'S JUST A SUCKY THING TO STOP TALKING TO SOMEONE, TOTALLY,

and i don't think i deserved that, exactly. i just don't.

AND WHILE PART OF ME STILL WANTS TO KICK YOU IN THE SHINS AND YELL ...

FUCK YOU!  
...BECAUSE I DON'T UNDERSTAND TOTALLY WHY,

THE OTHER PART OF ME IS JUST ANNOYED AT HAVING WASTED SO MUCH TIME ON SOMEONE WHO FINDS ME SO DISPOSABLE.

YOUR FUCKING LOSS.  
= shrug =

end.





So, about this time last year I went to REYKJAVÍK for a few days, mostly just to go. The trip was one of these Icelandair package deals so cheap (even by my standards) that I could not let the opportunity pass.

20  
FEB  
05



The landscape was unbelievable. Iceland is mostly volcanic rock - it really does look like those lunar landing pictures and there aren't a whole lot of trees.

My friend Lesley and I had talked about doing a package tour around the ring road (Iceland has one big highway that goes in a circle around the glaciers) but it proved prohibitively expensive & the idea was abandoned... until I found out about the Icelandair trip. Leave on Monday, come back Thursday, hotel, air, transfer and taxes all included... for only slightly more than a week's salary - and remember I was working that crappy R.D. job at the time.

HOW MUCH \$?  
THAT'S IT?  
FOR ALL OF IT?  
JU. OKAY, GO.  
AHEAD AND BOOK  
THAT... YOU HAVE  
MY CREDIT  
CARD NUMBER...

So I went. We landed at 6:40 am at Keflavík, and it was dark. Still dark after clearing customs and getting on the Flybus, where I attempted (unsuccessfully) to nap after realizing the drive was an hour to Reykjavík and it would probably still be dark when we got there. It was.



But once I got to the hotel and had breakfast, I was anxious to get outside.



← not sleeping :-)

I didn't know too much about Iceland before I went - I mostly thought of the Sugarcubes and Björk, a language I had no hope of speaking, funky landscapes, and a kind of unique cultural attitude - a kind of 'fuck you, we'll do it our way' kind of thing. Check it out: Iceland (in 1980) was the first country ANYWHERE to elect a female president. And she was a single mom too. Rock!



Okay, yes. Kind of cold and kind of dark.

But also kind of SUPERFUCKING CLOSE to the ARCTIC CIRCLE!! (The closest I'll ever get, anyway).

I did a lot of walking, and I did go to The Blue Lagoon (on Ash Wednesday).  It was snowing, and the place was mostly deserted, save for our tour bus.

Etiquette demands you shower, sans suit, before entering Bláa Lónið.

So, I did, and discovered a six year old staring at me, with her mom scolding for staring. I wasn't sure if she was transfixed by my fire-engine red hair, the tattoos, or my pasty pale fat self. 

Geothermal Girl

I also went to the mall (Kringlan) in part because they had a LUSH<sup>©</sup> but also because part of what I love while traveling is to snack! It feels like such an easy way to learn something about another culture. I love grocery shopping in foreign places! I got hooked on vanilla SKYR, which was weird as I usually don't like yogurt. Honestly. But between shopping at HAGKAUP in Kringlan and BÓNUS on Laugavegur (up the road from the creepy-weird ICELAND PHALLOLOGICAL MUSEUM—!!) I found some excellent things.

  
I passed this around the dorm when I got home very few folks ate it—most spat it out. It was quickly nicknamed 'pepperpuke.' There are 3 other kinds—

blauppúkar

both sort of fruity gummis

fylupúkar

oh, you handsome devil!

and khlupúkar—a chocolate covered caramel.

But mostly everything else was really stellar licorish (Clakkrís)—often in candy bars.

Like TROMP:lakkris og marsipan í súkkulað—ihjúp... which tasted like a marzipan + licorish center covered with chocolate.

it was great.

I can not wait to go back!  hopefully soon.  oh yes.

**PIPARPÚKAR** is some kind of fucking hell-licorice with red spicy something sprinkled all over it! OH MY GOD!



yellow and brown striped cah.

Very malty. and good when mixed with orange soda. I kid you not.

ICELANDIC DEATH SCHOONERS!



end

03  
MAR  
05

It's March already,  
much to my astonishment.  
My apartment's really  
hot. I live on the top  
floor, so all the  
heat rises. Hence  
the tank top and  
open window.

But the  
view from  
up here's...  
a little  
unfamiliar.

Lately, anyway.

rrrr!  
It was like these  
weird things just  
suddenly showed up  
when I was a  
kid. I don't even  
remember it  
happening.

I do, however, remember my mother  
taunting me when I was  
maybe in seventh grade  
for not wearing "under-  
wear" or → i.e. I wasn't  
wearing a bra or any  
other such garment.



See, my mom wore  
these things—  
"teddies"—  
a bra and  
underwear  
all in one.  
With a  
snap crotch!  
Ugh!



I would often get frustrated by her  
teasing me but never helping me—  
I honestly don't remember her ever  
taking me shopping for a bra.

Not even once.

So I'd swipe a teddy, chop off  
the bottom, and wear that.

the truth is I spent a LOT of time  
in my twenties very angry with  
my mother for  
just not being  
present when I  
was doing that  
whole "coming-  
of-age" thing,  
and jealous of  
other women  
whose moms were.

It took me a long time to come to  
peace with knowing that my  
mother was just trying to survive...

... I remember once my grandmother, on my  
father's side, forced me to go to a Children  
of Alcoholics meeting. It was hugely awful.



I was probably  
about 14 at  
the time, and  
just couldn't deal.

It was probably  
around the time  
my father moved  
out, actually.  
(He's also a recovering alcoholic — like my mom  
and my grandmother, but that's a tangent.)

(I'll be damned.) At the time, Victoria's Secret had no-hassle returns, and I had a checking account. Point for trial + error.

still, I can't quite figure out where in my family all the knockers came from. 2

it took a damn long time to get used to them.

(Actually, it took me a long time not to hate 'em)

The horrible kid across the street, who was a few years older than I was, stared at them constantly and actually said horrific things.

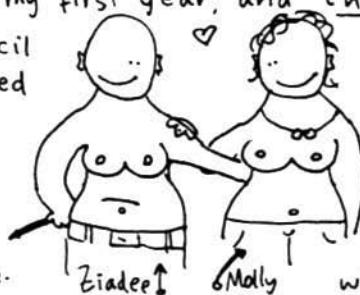
Um, those are really nice.

When I told his mother, she called me a liar! (Actually, what it was was assault)

And later in high school, there was this guy... and I was drunk, and it was all horribly disturbing.

Mmm... those are so erotic...

So I was very used to thinking of breasts as terrifying scary things...until college. I was at a party, and I think it was my first year, and these two women were drunk and doing "the pencil test" while standing around half-naked and I remember really marvelling at how comfortable they were.



Pencil test:

breast  
+  
pencil =

if it stays,  
they're  
"large" + if  
not = small?  
what the fuck?

Okay, it was probably because they were drunk, but it was a big fucking watershed for me.

of course again, I did spend many years drawing myself like this.  
Something missing!!

And there are still



FFFUCKKK!!

some days where I put on a bra and can't get comfy and it makes me very grumpy.

But mostly I've come to accept 'em for what they are. Partially this is due to my superstar friend Sylvie who loves bikinis and took great pleasure in ordering 'em like so: "Hi! I want a bikini. Top size? BIG BIG BIG! Ass? Not so big."

She gave me a J.Crew bikini top. ♡



She's the reason I wrote

Well, what the fuck?  
much of my dissertation in a bikini top.

The unpleasant thing is that I just feel so disconnected from them lately. From all of my bodily me.

None of the women in my family really have large breasts — my mom's mom died years ago, and my dad's mom lost so much weight — deliberately — that hers just vanished. And when my mom finally gained weight hers got big. Like mine finally made sense, in some genetic kind of way.

(3)

But now she doesn't have any anymore.

It's been months since the mastectomy. Mastectomies?

I mean, they took both.



I haven't seen the scars.

I'm not sure I will. What I see is lack.

I didn't think I was going to feel this way.

And it isn't something I've talked about much.

Or why I've been so difficult lately.

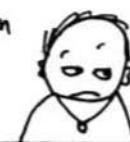
I feel like so much is shifting.

I'm just getting used to being my own person again after that insane R.D. job where it felt like every time I opened my door, someone took a piece of me from me.

And I'm not so sure that I can explain.

That it's okay.

But maybe it's at the heart of why things have been so difficult lately.



"now I'm hardly getting over it  
hardly getting used to getting by..."  
—husker dü

and now I'm some new persona, the hipster shopgirl, who still can't really get it together.

But she won't last long either, I suspect.

I have this strange well of rage inside me.



I am so angry about  
the randomness  
of it.  
There's no family  
history of  
breast cancer.



She did smoke, actually.

(I know this  
because  
I pinched  
her  
cigarettes  
too)



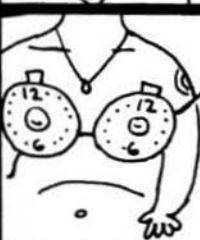
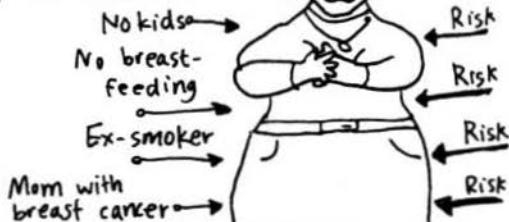
I got weirdly angry with my mother at one point for saying she'd done "everything right"—breast-fed, didn't smoke, had kids, had no risk factors at all. "Not one," she said, which wasn't true...





But the insinuation was too much.

Not like I  
wasn't thinking  
it anyway.



kick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick

Which utterly terrifies me and I can't shake it.

I mean, it isn't just fear.

I hate going to doctors.  
I have no health insurance.  
I'm so freaky-weird about my body anyway;  
I don't need help mentally carving it up.



I seem to be  
doing that  
well enough  
on my own.



And it impacts everything.

I feel so  
grouchy  
and  
sullen  
and  
pessimistic.  
  
Self-  
defeating.  
  
Useless.



curled up on couch,  
watching DVD  
after DVD after DVD

and some days it feels like



that  
is  
never  
gonna  
change.

end

MY CAR DIED OVER THE SUMMER, BUT HAD BEEN KIND OF UNRELIABLE FOR

A LONG WHILE PRIOR. SO I BOUGHT A BIKE. I FIGURED I'D COMMUTE ON THAT ON WEEKENDS + OTHERWISE TAKE THE BUS UNTIL I GOT THE WHOLE CAR-BUYING-THING SORTED OUT.

BUT...



UH... IT WAS A HURRICANE, AS IT TURNED OUT. SMALL DETAIL.



HERE'S THE POINT.  
I SIGNED UP FOR A DAY OF THE...

## MASS RED RIBBON RIDE .org

I'LL BE BIKING 75 MILES TO RAISE FUNDS FOR ORGANIZATIONS THROUGHOUT MASSACHUSETTS THAT PROVIDE SERVICES TO THOSE LIVING WITH HIV & AIDS, EDUCATION, PREVENTION, LEGAL ADVOCACY, COUNSELING, MEALS, ETC. (YOU CAN READ MORE ONLINE). THERE ARE APPROX. 1,000 NEW INFECTIONS EVERY YEAR IN MA, WITH APPROX. 22,000-24,000 PEOPLE CURRENTLY INFECTED WITH HIV... AND IT IS ESTIMATED THAT AT LEAST ONE-THIRD OF THEM DO NOT KNOW. (I HAVE NOT DONE FUNDRAISING FOR A WHILE - AND I HONOR MY AIDS WALK PHILLY TEAMMATES (BOO-YAH DERRICUDAS!) BY RISING TO THIS NEW CHALLENGE.)

♡ HERE'S WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU:

- any donation gets you some sort of small goody
- \$15 = a limited-edition hand-colored comic (or, if you already have one, I'll make a minicomic just for you!)
- \$30 = custom art (we'll talk specifics)

anything more than \$30, we'll have a chat about what funky goodies I can send your way. ♡

You can donate online

by visiting my ride page →

[http://www.massredribbonride.org/site/TR?pg=personal&fr\\_id=1000&px=1003482](http://www.massredribbonride.org/site/TR?pg=personal&fr_id=1000&px=1003482)

or mailing a check made out to MASS RED RIBBON RIDE to me.

anne thalheimer  
121F Brittany manor drive  
amherst ma 01002-3125

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE TAX-DEDUCTIBLE! [notes@simons-rock.edu](mailto:notes@simons-rock.edu)

COOL!

I ACTUALLY GOT REALLY INTO THE BIKING.



Global: 39<sup>4</sup> million people worldwide are living with HIV/AIDS.

● 25 million people have died, including 3.1 million last year alone.

● Since 2002, the number of ♀ with HIV has increased in every region of the world, with East Asia experiencing the sharpest increase - up 56%, to 2.3 million - followed by Eastern Europe and Central Asia.

In the United States:

● The proportion of AIDS cases reported among adolescent & adult women has more than tripled since 1986.

● ♀ represent more than 1 in 3 new HIV infections and 1 in 4 new AIDS cases.

● Approx. 40,000 new HIV infections occur each year - half are estimated to be among folks age 25+ younger.

● 70% of HIV-positive women contracted HIV through heterosexual sex.

HIV Hotline: toll-free  
1-800-235-2331  
HIV TTY: 617-437-1672

and thank you for reading!

I HAVEN'T DONE ONE OF THESE IN A WHILE!

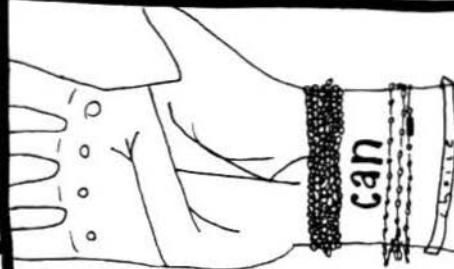
# ★ STUFF i-lover

TO COUNTERACT THIS ISSUE BEING A BIG OLD MOPE-FEST, AGAIN...

16 MARCH 05

SPRING...  
at long  
fucking  
last!  
♥

BOBA!!  
HOLY CRAP!!



MY EVIL-EYE  
EARRINGS.  
I GOT 'EM  
IN A  
GOODWILL IN  
DELAWARE  
TEARS AGO.  
♥

STILL LOVE THE WAY JON  
SPENCER YELLS YEAH!

WEEKENDS IN NYC WITH PATIENT  
FRIENDS...  
I SWEAR SAINTS ARE HERE  
ON MOTT STREET SOMEWHERE...  
CAN WE KEEP LOOKING?!

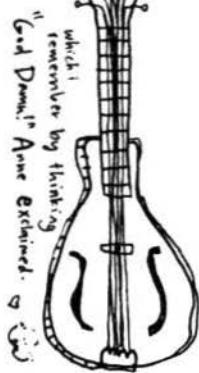
THE CRAZY  
MUSCLES  
THAT  
SHOW UP  
IN MY  
LEGS  
WHEN  
I BIKE-  
COMMUTE  
TO MY  
RETAIL  
JOB.

My newest

THE DRESDEN DOLLS!  
BRECHIAN PUNK CABARET!

My mandolin.

8 strings, 4 notes: GDAE



my "european style" windowbox garden:  
tarragon | Arugula | fennel | parsley | cilantro

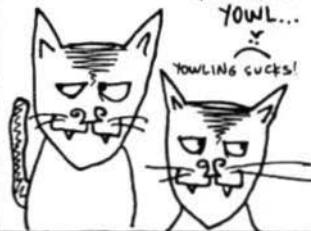
hypocrite,

I can  
not stop  
listening  
to this CD.  
It is  
that good.



BUYING FRESH-ROASTED BULK  
COFFEE  
BEANS  
IN CRAZY  
FLAVORS  
IN VERY  
SMALL  
AMOUNTS  
(2 OZ. OF  
MOCHA JAVA)

THE ALIEN-LOOKING  
KITTYBOYS. BUT MAN!  
CAN THEY  
YOWL...  
YOWLING SUCKS!



i still love getting snailmail.  
HEART HEART

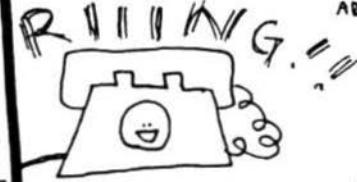
FUNKY HATS, AND ESPECIALLY THE FOLKS WHO  
SEND THEM TO ME!



REYKJAVIK, icelandia

BLOOD  
ORANGE  
TEA

FRIENDS HEART FAR. YOU KNOW WHO  
YOU  
ARE.



IT'S STRANGE.  
I FEEL SOMEHOW  
CHAOTIC AND CALM.  
THIS YEAR HAS  
BEEN SO  
BIZARRE.

I always wonder how  
I'll look with  
different hair  
PART OF IT,  
NATURALLY,  
IS MY MOM  
GETTING SICK.

PART WAS FINALLY  
LEAVING THE  
RIDICULOUS  
RESIDENCE  
DIRECTOR  
JOB, AND  
MY WEIRD  
(O-WORKERS).

16 MAR 05

I MEAN, IT HAD AMAZING MOMENTS.  
I THINK ABOUT THEM IN RETROSPECT  
AND I'M MASSIVELY AMAZED  
THAT THEY WORKED.

→ TOOK THIRTY STUDENTS ON A  
SCHOOL BUS TO D.C. FOR  
THE MARCH FOR WOMEN'S  
LIVES LAST APRIL... EVEN  
AFTER THE OTHER CHAPERONE  
HAD TO BACK OUT. HOLY CRAP.

AND WHILE I DO MISS SOME OF THE  
STUDENTS, I  
DON'T AT ALL  
MISS THE JOB.  
NOR SOME OF  
THE ASSHOLE  
STUDENTS. I  
DEVELOPED A  
VERY ZEN,  
BUT PRIVATE,  
THOUGHT PROCESS.

OH,  
THAT'S  
FUNNY.

SO, WILL YOU GET OVER  
YOURSELF ALREADY, YOU  
OVER-PRIVILEGED, SNOTTY,  
SPOILED CLASSIST  
HOMOPHOBIC  
STUPID STONER  
JACKASS?!  
OH, AND WHILE  
YOU'RE AT IT,  
WHY DON'T YOU  
GO FUCK  
YOURSELF!

IT WAS ONE OF THE WORST JOBS  
I'VE EVER HAD - DEPRESSING,  
FRUSTRATING, DISEMPOWERING,  
AND AT TIMES  
ABUSIVE, MADE  
ALL THE WORSE  
BECAUSE OFTEN  
THE PEOPLE WHO

TREATED ME POORLY WERE MY OLD PROFS!

GET OUT.  
GET OUT NOW!  
IT WILL  
NEVER  
GET BETTER.

VOICE OF  
REASON

SO THE  
PATH  
WAS  
PRETTY  
CLEAR.

LEAVING WAS VERY  
SATISFYING.

SO NOW I'M DOING A YEAR-LONG  
RESEARCH ASSOCIATESHIP AT THE  
FIVE COLLEGES WOMEN'S CENTER  
AT MT. HOLYOKE.  
I LOVE IT!

AND I FINALLY GOT A  
PAPER ACCEPTED AT  
MLA - THE  
BIG  
CONFERENCE  
I  
ATTEND  
EVERY  
YEAR.

NOWAY! YES WAY! EXCELLENT!

AND I GOT  
INTO THE  
CENTER  
FOR CARTOON  
STUDIES - IT'S  
A BRAND-NEW  
SCHOOL IN  
WHITE RIVER  
JUNCTION,  
VERMONT.

YES, SCHOOL.  
YES, VERMONT.

JUST REALIZED  
SHE'S GOT TO  
MOVE, AGAIN.

CRAP.

THE TRUTH IS THAT I'M UNBEARABLY EXCITED. I'M AMPED! I'M  
GOING TO BE STUDYING WITH SOME OF THE VERY SAME  
PEOPLE WHOSE WORK HAS BEEN HUGELY INFLUENTIAL  
TO MY OWN. PEOPLE WHOSE WORK I HAVE LONG, LONG  
ADMIRIED.

OH  
MY  
GOD.  
I CAN'T  
BELIEVE I  
GOT IN.

ME.  
WORKING WITH THEM.  
IN THE INAUGURAL YEAR.

OH. MY. GOD.

i cannot express how cool this opportunity is.

AND THAT'S IT. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A

TEAR I FEEL LIKE I'VE GOT A PLAN.  
LIKE I'M  
GOING  
SOMEWHERE.  
LIKE THINGS  
ARE FINALLY  
CHANGING  
FOR THE  
BETTER. ✓

OH, MOVING.  
SPORT. THERELL  
BE FUN. WHAT  
A THRILL. WHOO.

end

# An Electrograph Analysis of Your Handwriting

ELECTROGRAPH ANALYSIS grades handwriting some two hundred different ways. Read the listing on this page, combine this with star checked off characteristics at the bottom. This combination will relate a picture of your personality.

## PERSONALITY

This type of individual to the hand writing expert is a sacrificing and good natured person who would do without just to help others. A realist who is very active in civic affairs and makes each day succeed. Loves meeting people and is interested in all matters. Very sensible and understanding Is easily hurt. Like to keep troublesomematters to themselves. Otherwise, a happy and contented person.

## BASIC CHARACTERISTICS

Aggressive	Gullible	Conceited	Hasty	Realistic	Undependable
Creative	Inscrutable	Fore sight	Vigorous	Optimistic	Superiority Complex
Sly ★	Perfidious	Fastidious	Influential	Friendly	Perfectionist
Staidness	Pessimist	Eccentric	Dominering	Responsive	Good Sense of value
Emotional	Critical	Authoritative	Truthful	Nasty	Discriminating
Considerate	Determined	Active	Dependable	Careless	Sense of humor
Talkative	Ambitious	Analytical ★	Sensitive ★	Cowardly	Well Adjusted
Cruel	Impulsive	Audacious	Generous	Courageous	Enthusiastic
Strong	Extrovert	Methodical	Impractical	Suspicious ★	Inferiority Complex
Stingy	Introvert ★	Adaptable	Selfish	Reliable	Procrastinator
Stubborn	Outspoken	Cautious ★	Ego-centric	Beligerant	Extravagant
Imaginative	Lusty	Reticent	Kind ★	Gregarious	Constructive ★

Talkative, Demonstrative, Open to Argument, Love of Opposite Sex.	Fluent Speaker, Extravagant Tastes, Charitable, Contemplative, Thoughtful	Exacting, Faithful, Modest, Systematic, Affectionate.	Scientific, Hard to Swerve, Shrewd, Aggressive, Hard to Take Advantage of.	
Delicate Nature, Luxurious Tastes, Sensitive, Sympathetic, Considerate.	★ Good Listener, Economical, Cautious, Reserved, Saving Disposition.	Secretive, Discreet, Love of Order, Trustful, Firm in Friendships.	★ Lacking Will Power, Changeable, Careless, Negligent, Apt to Forget Appointments.	
Suspicious, Despondent, Moody, Skeptical, Doubtful, Apt to Worry.	Methodical, Attentive, Sincere, Cool and Calculating, Practical.	Fussy, Hard to Please, Artistic, Emotional, Fond of Excitement.	Cautious, Determined, Takes Care of Necessary Affairs.	★
Logical Thinker, Detailist, Conscientious, Individualistic, Constructive ability.	Intellectual Power, Lover of Admiration, Strong Likes and Dislikes.	★ Fond of Travel, Lover of Ease and Amusement, Friendly Type.	Determined Nature, Courageous, Good Mixer, Forceful, Strong Constitution, Efficient.	
Graceful, Honest, Well Poised, Pleasant, Patient, Dignified, Practical, Loyal.	★ Alert Personality, Plenty of Ability, Natural Born Psychologist.	Frankness, Outspoken Nature, Good Imagination, Self-esteem, Broadminded, Generous.	You Have a Very Fine Opinion of Yourself.	
Tender-hearted, Unenthusiastic, Reserved Dependency, Feelings Hurt Easily.	★ Strives to Keep Domestic Obligation on an Even Keel.	Restlessness, observant, Active mind, Excitable, Speculative, Keen Foresight.	★ Ambitious, Independent, Harmonious Disposition, Energetic, Self-Confidence	
Control Emotions, Develop Self-Control, Guard Against Appearing Insincere.	Kind, Devotive, Good Natured, Sociable, Jealous Where Love is Concerned.	Calm, Good Reasoning Power, Power of Intuition, Desirous to Make Others Happy.	Keen Interest, Emotional, Desire of Affection, Devotive, Happy Active Mind.	

FROM THE MARYLAND STATE FAIR. RECENTLY FOUND IN A STACK OF STUFF I WAS THROWING AWAY.